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Essays.

BEAUTY A USE OF THE HAIR.*

It is evident that one of the greatest uses of the hair is to render the whole outline of body, but especially of the head, more beautiful. Probably this is its greatest use: this, however, can never be positively affirmed, since it is probable that many of the uses of organs that are directly under the knowledge of our senses, are still not apparent to us. And since the hair has been given in such variety, as to length, and color, and consistence, among different individuals and in different climates, we are justified in inferring that it is for the purpose of some uses, to the knowledge of which we have not attained.

Who can assert that the greatest use of the sense of touch is to enable us to estimate distances; or to form correct notions of the figures of bodies; or to avoid situations of danger; or as a sense of pleasure; or of any single or many attributes which we can ascribe to it? What secret processes may not be at work? what a regulator to the nervous fluid may not this same sense of touch prove—if checked, deranging the functions and nervous secretions of the brain? What undiscovered connexions may not nature have formed between her various senses, in which the displacement of one link may in time confuse the whole? The organ of sight, doubtless, has an end which is generally overlooked, in expending the nervous influence on outward objects, in distinction to that powerful abstraction and concentration of nervous fluid which must attend the loss of this sense. True madness is seldom accompanied by blindness; for the blind are generally the aged, or the young from their infancy, or the middle aged, from amaurosis, brought on by degrees—and the two greatest works which ever the human intellect has produced, *Paradise Lost* and the *Iliad*, have been brought forth under these circumstances; yet the powerful imagination, which, under these conditions thrown back on itself, has produced works of which as men we are proud, might, under others in less balanced minds, have made their possessors the inmates of an asylum.

Nature has made the attribute of beauty subservient to many other purposes; the hair might have answered all the ends of its growth, and yet never presented to the eye any of its pliancy of form, in the same way that the muscles of the thigh, instead of the rounded and elegant proportions, would have answered their uses equally as well if they had been formed of the thickness and figure of the tendons in which they terminate. But where would then have been their contour and grace, which are admirable? The leg would have been of the thickness of the ankle, throughout its whole extent; and the body would necessarily be formed on the like scale of propor-

tions. In the same way the hair might have answered all its apparent uses, and been but so many duplicates of cellular tissue, or a series of elf-locks, shocking the eye of the beholder; but then one of its prominent uses was its beauty; and this has been so accommodated that it never interferes with matters of graver importance. Writers have sometimes been at a loss to account for the uses of the hair; we profess, if no other use was apparent, to see an ample one in this. Physiologists, by the weight of their subjects, and the still greater heaviness with which they have occasionally burdened them, seemed to have scorned this as an use; let them learn philosophy of the poet, who pronounced man

"The beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

without describing his corporeal frame as a machine formed to eat, and move, and be kept in being—for inanimate things are formed on the most noble models of form and grace, and from the specimens of vegetable life have been drawn some of the finest principles of taste; and to the body of man there is superadded to more useful purposes a more elegant property, which gives additional value to their uses. The flowing tresses of childhood might never, by their pliancy and colors, have excited an emotion of love towards their youthful owners. The braided hair on the beauty of riper years might have produced, like the fabled head of Medusa, images of horror rather than delight; and the hoary locks which, when on him who was full of righteousness, were declared of old to be a crown of glory, might have rendered the owner the burden rather than the pride of society.

The hair, I believe, embodies all the principles of beauty. Dugald Stewart places color as the first; Burke inclines to form and smoothness as the most pre-eminent; and Hogarth has made an imaginary line, by which he has tested the beauty of the external form of things. It is evident that many of these properties must be arbitrary, since it is impossible to define accurately our own sensations. The ideas that one entertains of grace, may be essentially different from another, though both may be possessed of the same taste; yet in whatever this innate beauty may consist, it is evident that the hair possesses it in an eminent degree, since civilized and savage nations have equally esteemed it worthy of their richest ornaments, which it has shared certainly in greater profusion than any other part of the body, in that species of beauty which is supposed to depend on easy and waving transition. It is peculiarly rich in colors, too; as far as they are an accompaniment, it demands our respectful attention. The poets have particularly taught its use in this respect; hence, from the earliest times, they have prized it as of peculiar value when they wished to give those descriptions of sights and objects which they thought deserving of being especially commended, and have rendered it an accompaniment to descriptions of objects of horror, beauty, and sublimity: of horror, the ancients knew well its effects, and in their mythology

one of their most terrible conceptions was the heads of the furies. Dryden has strongly embodied the thought:

"Revenge! Revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparks that flash from their eyes!"

Of beauty it was a constant theme; let us take an example, one of the most perfect sentences that has ever been constructed, presenting a picture for the imagination to fill up of the most enchanting description: Venus, revealing herself to her son, in the fourth book of the *Aeneid*:

"Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refusit,
Ambrosieque coma divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos;
Et vera incessu patuit Dea."

And in sublimity, what more noble purpose has ever been formed than in the description given of the strength of the horse by one of the oldest of poets and prophets, since in the opinion of a great critic the mane of the horse suggested the idea which has been so sublimely expressed, from its flakes having a similitude to the lightning:

"Hast thou given the horse strength?
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

The principles of beauty are less fully shown in animate than in inanimate objects, hence it happens that of all the parts of the human frame, that part comprises most of those beauties, whose senselessness renders it fit to be wreathed into forms of grace, which cannot be done in any extent with any other part of the body. The yellow bearded ears of corn, the moss on the trees of the Southern climates, waving in the wind, and some species of fern, are the objects in vegetable nature, which in beauty bear strict resemblance to the human hair; but of all its principles, the tendrils of the vine in ideal beauty have been the most frequently likened to it. The hair in its formation very closely resembles vegetable life; its anatomy and mode of growth are by no means dissimilar. Like the plant it sustains a kind of capillary existence, has no absorptive power, at least of its own particles: though like the vegetable it may have of gases; it is wholly devoid of sensation, and pruning only furthers its growth, and that growth is still more increased by exciting a flow of moisture to the roots. The French insist on the *vestiges* which are found in many parts of the human body, and which assimilate us to other and inferior animals. With fully as good an authority we might rank the hair as the connecting link between our own system and that of vegetables, since if such a connexion exists between all the species of the animal kingdom even up to man, we have just the same right to suppose that a modification of the law exists with regard to the vegetable race. This vast chain of being, which may seem to exist only in the imagination, is in reality one of the most universal principles in nature.

Hogarth, to whom the hair offered so good an illustration for his theories of grace and beauty, has had a just idea of the various kinds of

* The reader of this ingenious Essay may derive fresh pleasure in its perusal, from knowing that it is from the varied pen of the author of "Sketches of American Life," which have attracted no little attention, as published in the *Literary World*.

emotions to which it can give origin by its arrangement and color. "The hair of the head," he says, "which is designed chiefly as an ornament, proves more or less so, according to the form it naturally takes, or is put into by art. The most amiable in itself is the flowing curl; and the many waving and contrasted turns of naturally intermingling locks, ravish the eye with the pleasure of the pursuit, especially when they are put in motion by a gentle breeze. The poet knows it as well as the painter, and has described the wanton ringlets waving in the wind. And yet to show how excess ought to be avoided in intricacy, as well as in every other principle, the very same head of hair whisped and matted together, would make a most disagreeable figure, because the eye would be perplexed and at a fault, and unable to trace such a confused number of unconfined and entangled lines; and yet notwithstanding this, the present fashion, of wearing a part of the hair of their heads braided together from behind, like intertwined serpents arising thickest from the bottom, lessening as it is brought forward, naturally conforming to the shape of the rest of the hair it is pinned over, is extremely picturesque. Their thus interlacing the hair in distinct varied quantities, is an artful way of preserving as much of intricacy as is beautiful."—(Anal. of Beauty, pp. 28-9.) Here the latter part of the paragraph is a complete refutation of the principle on which he started, and which it was necessary for him to argue in order to support his own theory, affording a convincing example of the fallacy of all the rules with regard to beauty. Without inquiring further concerning those rules, which, nevertheless, have been laid down by the ablest critics, we pass to the immediate beauty of the hair without considering the causes thereof.

In some of the arts appertaining exclusively to taste and genius, the hair as an object of beauty has been turned to the most perfect advantage; in statuary it is evident that it could not answer any extensive end, since its pliability and fine tints of color would be rendered of no avail; nevertheless, it has occasionally been brought into account. In the statue of Bayley's sleeping nymph, it has been admirably managed, for it could only be well represented in the declining posture, since the attachment which would be necessarily at the shoulder or breast, with the consequent interval at the neck, would render the effect clumsy and awkward. Hence even in the "Venus of the Bath," when, if ever, the hair would probably have been introduced in a flowing dishevelled array, the sculptor has not dared to represent its pliancy in stone, but has bound it with the fillet in the most classic taste. In the "Venus de Medici," the artist labored under a disadvantage, since, in strict accordance with the subject, he would have rendered the hair loose and flowing in the wind. Apelles, in the painting of the Anadyomene, has thus represented the Goddess, as she rises from the sea with her tresses flowing down moist and dishevelled, the two noble specimens of art being supposed to represent the same subject—Phryne emerging from the waves near Athens. Thomson has likened Musidora to the Venus de Medici, in a very celebrated line, but he forgot that in one respect his situation as a poet gives him an advantage over the sculptor, since he tells us that in his living statue,

"———her streaming locks,
But half embraced her in a humid veil."

A circumstance of which if he had dared the sculptor would gladly have availed himself, since the veil would have been one which

would have covered but to reveal the form beneath. In the exquisite reclining statue of the offspring of Mercury and Venus, the author has still adhered with strict severity to the arrangement of the hair; he may have done this to show his admirable knowledge of the anatomy of the neck, for which that statue is remarkable, and which the hair would have concealed, or rivalled in the attention of the spectator; and one cannot imagine anything more perfect than the figure and arrangement of the head and trunk of the statue, yet it would seem that the hair resting on the shoulders or neck would have been the most natural mode.

In painting the case is widely different; here the pencil has made the hair accessory to every species of beauty. With a more cultivated taste than the poet with respect to the causes of their arts which will produce the most perfect effects, and with a full knowledge of the combinations which will produce beauty, the painter has extensively availed himself of the many aids to his art which the human hair affords; of its use by contrast he has been well aware, since in some of the best paintings a contrast of colors gives great relief to the view; or if one is rendered too florid, it may be relieved by a corresponding tint in the other, an effect we constantly admire without inquiring for the reason, and which none but artists can fully appreciate. Many of the painters of the Venetian, Flemish, and French schools, seem to have studied particularly the effect produced by the proper arrangement of the hair. No one, I am confident, can have seen Titian's portrait of his mistress, and his painting of the Madonna, without being struck with the distinguished part which the hair dishevelled and loose plays in both these subjects. He has formed of it innumerable lines of what Hogarth would call both of beauty and grace, and the shades of coloring have given him an opportunity of showing forth his great skill in that department; and how admirably the effect is managed to give beauty to the whole subject. In Guido's portrait of Beatrice Cenci, the hair rivals the admirable expression of the countenance in beauty, floating on the shoulders in the richest profusion; its delicacy of form and coloring are not less indicative of gentleness, than the features which it adorns. In "the Burial of Atala," by Girodet, one of the most chaste and beautiful paintings of the French School, the painter has much excelled the poet in his delineations. Chateaubriand, by contrast, might have made it form the best aid in his description of the arrangement of the body in the funeral rites, but he has wholly neglected what the painter has perfected; loose, unbound, and retaining still all its richness of coloring, it lies on the body and breast of the lifeless and blanched corpse of Atala, forming by contrast with the pallor of her countenance, a most perfect sign that death has taken up his abode there. It is evident, on reflection, that the hair on canvas is capable of being wrought into every form of beauty, having the advantage over all statuary, inasmuch as it expresses the ease and pliancy which cannot be done in stone; and it gives the real colors, with their most delicate shades, an accurate idea of color being the hardest of all attributes of beauty to convey to the mind by means of the imagination.

To describe every one of the departments to which the hair has been turned in poetical description, would lead us into much too long a dissertation on the subject; the mere reference to the authorities even among the poets of our own day, would fill some pages.

R. S. H.

Reviews.

Self-Control. A Novel. By Mary Brunton. Author of *Discipline.* Boston: Wilkins, Carter & Co.

THE preface to the second edition of this once celebrated novel, bears date 1811, and it has been almost forgotten in this country, since it was superseded in public favor, if not driven from remembrance, by the moral fictions of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen. The book is now revived in a very readable shape; and we dwell upon it here not so much for its literary merit as because it illustrates the taste of the day in which it was written, when the pattern hero or heroine had for the time fully superseded the graceful profligate or gentlemanly highwayman of the early novel.

Laura Montreville, the heroine of *Self-Control*, is a perfect pattern-woman, which means such a woman as never did exist, except between the covers of Miss Edgeworth's duodecimos, or other similar judicious retreats for "such moral monsters as the world ne'er saw." She is introduced to the reader as beautiful, sensitive, and impassioned; with her sensibilities all called into tremendous action by a wild affection for the handsomest man in England, who is passionately enamored of her, and who has wealth, rank, and accomplishment, with manners irresistibly fascinating. Now, this Phoenix of a lover is a very bad fellow, but of that Laura knows nothing, save from one instance of outrageous conduct towards her, which she ought not to forgive, but to which she does accord pardon when moved by the penitence and tears of her lover. The pattern-woman pardons her Col. Hargrave from her own weakness; and then having got her lover back again, grows strong enough to put him upon a two years' trial of his principles; while the father she adores vainly urges her in every way to accept a lover so devoted. This is womanish enough, but it is not pattern-womanish; because it is not consistent, and Laura throughout is held up as a pattern-woman. The worthy Colonel, left meanwhile to act out his wild impulses in every quarter where his waywardness of character may impel him, drives to and fro upon a sea of dissipation, while, as he madly loves Laura all the while, and pursues her with heated pertinacity, she remains cool enough to lecture him for his violence, until he has developed all of the unconscious scoundrel there is in him, when she finally recoils and gives her affections to a pattern-man in the neighborhood, who has been for a long time in pursuit of her heart.

The whole of this is of course perfectly unnatural. No warm-hearted girl of eighteen, desperately enamored of a man whom all her friends approve, would thus set up the mere abstractions of judgment against her own feelings and those of the man whose happiness seemed wholly to depend upon her, and the possession of whose heart moreover is envied by all the women of her acquaintance. The phrenologist of our day would have detected the subtle essence of coquetry amid some of Miss Laura's bumps, and set down much of her collected primness to the score of unconscious satisfaction at being thus pertinaciously pursued, and the equally unconscious reliance that her pattern-lover was then at hand to fall back upon whenever she chose. We are however, perhaps, proving that, after all, Miss Brunton drew a real woman when she meant only to delineate a humbug. A girl of sense and spirit would have dismissed this Hargrave for ever after the first chapter of the book; and a direct-minded girl who had more feeling than sense would have taken him back wholly to her heart on

the instant she forgave him. The former, believing in the turpitude of her lover, would refuse to see him more—the latter, after accepting his excuses, would, after the feeble return of tenderness, refuse to believe the evidence of her own senses and attribute all that was base in his conduct to the violence of his own affection. A pattern-woman only could reconcile the difficulties of the medium course without being called a coquette.

The character of Lady Pelham is better drawn, and is far more in accordance with the lights and shades of human nature. Her sham sensibilities and egregious selfishness are admirably hit off; although many a reader will complain that their portrayal becomes tedious from repetition. Tedium is in fact the great, if not unpardonable sin of the book, although we find many acute and pregnant passages, and several scenes of equal beauty and power, of which the following is perhaps the finest:

"A few short sentences were all that passed till they had almost reached the antique gate which terminated the winding part of the avenue. Here Laura again endeavored to prevail upon her companion to return, but without success. With more composure than before, he refused to leave her. Dreading to encounter Hargrave while De Courcy was in such evident agitation, she besought him to go, telling him it was her particular wish that he should proceed no further. He instantly stopped, and clasping her hand between his, 'Must I then leave you, Laura?' said he; 'you, whose presence has so long been the charm of my existence!' The blood rushed violently into Laura's face, and as suddenly retired. 'And can I,' continued De Courcy, 'can I suffer you to go without pouring out my full heart to you?' Laura breathed painfully, and she pressed her hand upon her bosom to restrain its swelling. 'To talk to you of passion,' resumed De Courcy, 'is nothing. You have twined yourself with every wish and every employment, every motive, every hope, till to part with you is tearing my heart-strings.' Again he paused. Laura felt that she was expected to reply, and, though trembling and breathless, made an effort to speak. 'This is what I feared,' said she, 'and yet I wish you had been less explicit, for there is no human being whose friendship is so dear to me as yours; and now, I fear I ought—' The sob which had been struggling in her breast now choked her utterance, and she wept aloud. 'It is the will of Heaven,' said she, 'that I should be left of every earthly friend.' She covered her face, and stood laboring to compose herself; while, heart-struck with a disappointment which was not mitigated by all the gentleness with which it was conveyed, De Courcy was unable to break the silence.

"Ungrateful! elfish that I am," exclaimed Laura, suddenly dashing the tears from her eyes, "thus to think only of my own loss, while I am giving pain to the worthiest of hearts! My best friend, I cannot, indeed, return the regard with which you honor me, but I can make you cease to wish that I should. And I deserve the shame and anguish I shall suffer. She whom you honor with your love," continued she, the burning crimson glowing in her face and neck, "has been the sport of a passion, strong as disgraceful—disgraceful as its subject is worthless."

"Her look, her voice, her manner, conveyed to De Courcy the strongest idea of the torture which this confession cost her; and no sufferings of his own could make him insensible to those of Laura. 'Cease, cease,' he cried, 'best and dearest of women; do not add to my wretchedness the thought of giving pain to you.' Then, after a few moments' pause, he continued, 'It would be wronging your noble candor to doubt that you have recalled your affections.'

"In doing so," answered Laura, "I can

claim no merit. Infatuation itself could have been blind no longer."

"Then, why, dearest Laura," cried De Courcy, his heart again bounding with hope, "why may not time, and the fond assiduities of love—"

"Ah!" interrupted Laura, "that is impossible. A mere preference I might give you, but I need not tell you that I have no more to give."

"My heavenly Laura," cried De Courcy, eager joy beaming in his eyes, "give me but this preference, and I would not exchange it for the fondest passions of all woman-kind."

"You deceive yourself," said Laura, mournfully; "miserably deceive yourself. Such a sentiment could never content you. You would miss a thousand little arts of happiness which love alone can teach; observe a thousand nameless coldnesses, which no caution could conceal; and you would be unhappy, without knowing, perhaps, of what to complain. You, who deserve the warmest affection, to be content with mere endurance! Oh, no! I should be wretched in the bare thought of offering you so poor a return."

"Endurance, Laura! I should, indeed, be a monster to find joy in anything which you could describe by such a word. But must I despair of awakening such an affection as will make duty delightful, such as will enjoy the bliss which it bestows?"

"Believe me, my dear friend," said Laura, in a voice as sweet, as soothing, as ever conveyed the tenderest confession, "believe me, I am not insensible to the value of your regard. It adds a new debt of gratitude to all that Montreville's daughter owes you. My highest esteem shall ever be yours, but, after what I have confided to you, a moment's consideration must convince you that all beyond is impossible."

"Ah!" thought De Courcy, "what will it cost me to believe that it is indeed impossible? But Laura's avowal was not quite so fatal to his hopes as she imagined; and while she supposed that he was summoning fortitude to endure their final destruction, he stood silently pondering Mrs de Courcy's oft-repeated counsel to let love borrow the garb of friendship, nor suffer him undisguised to approach the heart where, having once been dethroned as an usurper, all was in arms against him.

"If I must, indeed, renounce every dearer hope," returned he, "then in your friendship, my ever dear Miss Montreville, I must seek the happiness of my after-life, and surely—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Laura, "that must not be—the part, the little part of your happiness which will depend upon earthly connexions, you must find in that of some fortunate woman who has yet a heart to give."

"How can you name it to me?" cried De Courcy, half indignantly. "Can he who has known you, Laura, admired in you all that is noble, loved in you all that is enchanting, transfer his heart to some common-place being? You are my business—you are my pleasure—I toil but to be worthy of you—your approbation is my sweetest reward—all earthly things are precious to me only as you share in them—even a better world borrows hope from you. And is this a love to be bestowed on some soulless thing? No, Laura, I cannot, will not change. If I cannot win your love, I will admit no substitute but your friendship."

"Indeed, Mr. De Courcy," cried Laura, unconsciously pressing, in the energy of speech, the hand which held hers; "indeed it is to no common-place woman that I wish to resign you. Lonely as my own life must be, its chief pleasures must arise from the happiness of my friends, and to know that you are happy." Laura stopped, for she felt her voice grow tremulous. "But we will not talk of this now," resumed she; "I shall be absent for some months at least, and in that time you will bring yourself to think differently. Promise me at least to make the attempt."

"No, Laura," answered De Courcy, "this

I cannot promise. I will never harass you with importunity or complaint, but the love of you shall be my heart's treasure, it shall last through life—beyond life—and if you cannot love me, give in return only such kind thoughts as you would bestow on one who would promote your happiness at the expense of his own. And promise me, dearest Laura, that when we meet, you will not receive me with suspicion or reserve, as if you feared that I should presume on your favor, or persecute you with solicitations. Trust to my honor, trust to my love itself, for sparing you all unavailing entreaty. Promise me, then, ever to consider me as a friend, a faithful, tender friend; and forget, till my weakness remind you of it, that ever you knew me as a lover."

"Ah, Mr. De Courcy," cried Laura, tears filling her eyes, "what thoughts but the kindest can I ever have of him who comforted my father's sorrows, who relieved—in a manner which made relief indeed a kindness—relieved my father's wants? And what suspicion, what coldness, can I ever feel towards him whom my father loved and honored? Yes, I will trust you; for I know that you are as far above owing favor to compassion as to fear."

"A thousand thanks beloved Laura," cried De Courcy, kissing her hands, "and thus I seal our compact. One thing more; shall I trespass on your noble frankness, if I ask you whether, had not another stolen the blessing, I might have hoped to awaken a warmer regard? whether any labor, any cares, could have won for me what he has forfeited?"

"Silent and blushing, Laura stood for a few moments with her eyes fixed on the ground, then raising them said, "From you I fear no wrong construction of my words, and will frankly own to you that for my own sake, as well as yours, I wish you had been known to me ere the serpent wound me in his poisoned folds. I believe, indeed, that no mortal but himself could have inspired the same—what I shall call an infatuation, with which reason had nothing to do. But you have the virtues which I have been taught to love, and—and—but what avails it now? I was, indeed, a social creature; domestic habits, domestic wishes, strong in me. But what avails it now?"

"And was there a time when you could have loved me, Laura? Blessings on you for the concession? It shall cheer my exiled heart when you are far distant; soothe me with delightful day-dreams of what might have been; and give my solitude a charm which none but you could bring to the most social hour."

"Your solitude, my honored friend," replied Laura, "needs it not; it has better and nobler charms: the charms of usefulness, of piety; and long may these form your business and delight. But what makes me linger with you? I meant to hasten home, that I might avoid one as unlike you as confidence is to fear; the feelings which you each inspire. Farewell. I trust I shall soon hear that you are well and happy."

"Loath to part, De Courcy endeavored to detain her while he gave utterance to his strong affection; and when she would be gone, bade her farewell in language so solemn, so tender, that all her self-command could not repress the tears which trickled down her cheeks. They parted; he followed her to beg that she would think of him sometimes. Again she left him; again he had some little boon to crave. She reached the gate, and looking back saw De Courcy standing motionless where she had last quitted him. She beckoned a farewell. The gate closed after her, and De Courcy felt as if one blank, dreary waste had blotted the fair face of nature."

We would recommend to the publishers who have got up *Self-Control* in this neat form, to revive Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story" in the same style. Miss Austen's books, the best of all this class, have we believe never been popular in this country; a fact which argues most strongly against the taste of the class of readers here to which such works address themselves.

Their simplicity and reality—their truth to nature and their absence from pretension to familiarity with the higher phases of English fashionable life are, we fear, more or less, at the bottom of the fruitless appeal they make to the vitiated taste of ordinary novel readers; while those who delight in "moral stories of a religious tendency," see not their wholesome purport, because they never blow the trumpet of sanctimony.

The History of Ten Years, 1830-1840; or, France under Louis Philippe. By Louis Blanc. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848.

History of the French Revolution of 1789. By Louis Blanc. Same Publishers.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

AFTER having given an outline of the events which finally established republicanism in France, we now proceed to notice more particularly the Histories of Louis Blanc.

Reading a good work badly translated, is like travelling through a beautiful country over a corduroy-road—our attention is constantly diverted from the attractions of the one to the annoyances of the other; a reflection suggested by the latter of these two works only. For the interest of the author and the reader alike, we cannot but regret that this translation should have displayed so little knowledge of both the French and English languages. The former work, on the contrary, with the exception of a few inaccurate renderings, such as *stranger* for *foreigner*, and the like, is characterized by elegance and scholarship.

M. Louis Blanc seems to have had but one object in writing these two histories: to prove the correctness of his social views by showing that all the events of modern times are leading to a state of things which must render their universal adoption a matter of absolute necessity. These views are, to re-constitute society so as to guarantee to every individual not only the *right* but the *means* of employment for his several faculties, and thereby to rescue the lower classes from that misery and degradation which have hitherto been their lot, and which all past revolutions, notwithstanding their so much vaunted blessings, have not succeeded in modifying favorably.

For this purpose, therefore, he argues with much ability, that the Revolutions of 1789 and 1830 have resulted to the advantage of the Bourgeoisie, and the Bourgeoisie only—that this class is naturally hostile to the masses—that its views are narrow and selfish—and its policy, when at the head of affairs, at war with the best interests, glory, and dignity, of France. The best government for France, then, would be that wherein the entire nation would be represented, and employment guaranteed by its institutions to every one applying for it.

To justify the first revolution, and to show the fruitlessness of the second, follow, therefore, as a matter of course.

In describing the origin and causes of the first, he begins by dividing the world and history into three grand divisions, each under the empire of a principle—*Authority, Individualism, and Fraternity.*

Authority is that principle whereby society, blindly believing in its rulers, admits inequality of conditions, and governs by constraint. It comprises all despotic governments, and prevailed in Europe undisturbed until the time of Luther.

Individualism is that principle which guarantees to each man freedom of action, teaches him to assert his own rights, proclaims the

best government that which governs least, and by leaving every man to govern himself, leads to universal competition. This competition he considers the cause of all the miseries of the people, and therefore a principle to be removed. Individualism is most fully developed in this country, and is the *spirit of the age*.

Fraternity is that principle which, with Christianity for its basis, teaches men to regard themselves as brothers, and aims at organizing society into one vast family, whereby each member shall not only be taught his *rights* as to himself, but his *duties* as to his fellows. Fraternity exists nowhere at present, but is destined, says the writer, to prevail at some remote period through the world.

Individualism guarantees to every man the right to accumulate wealth, even if by so doing he causes others to starve. Fraternity would teach him that this wealth would only be rightfully his when measures had been taken to save his brethren from starvation.

Individualism, of which the Bourgeoisie were the symbol, was established by the revolution of 1789. To trace the origin and progress of this principle is therefore necessary to a proper understanding of that great event—and to this explanation the entire first volume (the only one yet published) is devoted.

The principle of authority, personified by the Pope, was first disturbed by John Huss and Martin Luther, who, by proclaiming freedom of conscience and denying the supreme authority of the Church, are regarded as the founders of individualism. The book, therefore, opens with the trial of John Huss, and is divided into three parts.

The first traces the progress of individualism *morally*, by pointing out the march of the Reformation and its bearings; the second traces it *politically*, by depicting the growing powers of the Bourgeoisie; and the third follows it through the eighteenth century under the threefold aspect of philosophy, politics, and industry, and shows how it triumphed in each under the respective banners of Voltaire, Montesquieu, and Turgot. Then the principle having triumphed, it gave rise, as a consequence, to new institutions, and the struggle between the old and new systems, conducted by blind selfishness on the one side and blind ignorance on the other, and involving as they did questions of life and death, accounted for the excesses that followed.

The subject throughout is treated with much ability, and evinces an extensive erudition, great originality of thought, and a vigorous, compact style; but there is too little connexion between the various parts of the work, too many discursive passages—in a word, too little unity as to style and argument, to leave a clear or favorable impression on the reader. We read the chapter and scarcely know what it leads to—names, theories, events, are taken up, briefly developed, and then cast aside—then a new chapter is abruptly opened, and new names, theories, and events arise, without our perceiving at first what connexion with the previous chapter the author meant them to possess. It is only upon reflection his object strikes us.

The facts from beginning to end are supported by authorities, three, four, and sometimes eight or nine, being given on every page. But the inferences he draws from them are quite as remarkable for ingenuity as justness. Indeed, we believe many, in the hands of an equally skilful writer, might be impressed into the service of the most opposite theories.

The progress of the Bourgeoisie, so import-

ant, yet so little understood, is described in all its phases.

The *Bourgeoisie*, says the author, is that class which, possessing instruments of labor or capital, labor with their own resources, and only depend on others to a certain extent.

The *People* are those who, possessing no capital, depend on others entirely for procuring the first necessities of life—they are free only in name.

The Bourgeoisie first acquired civil rights through the Communes, and political power through the States-General. Its importance was next increased by the policy of Richelieu and Louis Fourteenth; for by destroying the power of the nobility it brought the bourgeoisie next to the throne. The administration of Colbert, himself a bourgeois, gave a further extension to this influence by fostering manufactures and trade.

The long and famous quarrels between the Jesuits and Jansenists came next. For as the King had espoused the cause of the former, and the Parliament that of the latter, the whole weight of the Jansenists was brought to support the Parliament—and thus to prepare men's minds for maintaining the sovereignty of popular assemblies. The violence of party-spirit also led one-half the clergy to expose the corruption of the other; the philosophers looked on and laughed, and thus they gathered from the clergy's own hands those weapons with which they were soon to overthrow their power spiritual and temporal. This result again was favorable to the Bourgeoisie.

Then came the vices of the Regency, and the quite as dissolute reigns of Louis Fifteenth and Sixteenth, whereby all veneration for the upper classes was lost in the presence of the profligacy and crimes, and the deepest hatred engendered by the oppressive measures required to meet their extravagances.

We find many curious details in the chapter describing the Regency, and the famous financial schemes of Law (more familiarly known to the English world under the name of the *Mississippi Bubble*). The quantity of paper issued by Law's banking company is incredible; it was so great that the mills could not furnish paper enough for the demand; and exceeded in amount two thousand six hundred millions of livres.* It brought on a general revolution in fortunes. A floor-scrubber became a millionaire, and a soldier of the body-guard indulged in some plate intended for the King of Portugal, by outbidding him.

"The excitement caused by the sale of the shares was intense. Who has not heard of the Rue Quincampoix and its stormy renown? ** Thus courtiers, churchmen, courtesans, members of parliament, monks, abbés, clerks, soldiers, adventurers from every part of Europe, hastened to the Rue Quincampoix to be rolled in a heap and mingled together in a huge pell-mell. The inequality of ranks disappeared there before the equality of human weaknesses and passions. The pride of the great ones of the earth was publicly drawn out to receive an exemplary chastisement in the eyes of the multitude. Fraternity reigned through stock-jobbing, until something better turned up. Prelates dragged the Roman purple through the mob, and princesses of the blood bought or sold the paper between courtesans and lackeys. Even foreign sovereigns had their representatives in the thickest of the crowd, which was by turns drunk with hope or frozen by alarm, a confused, entangled, palpitating crowd, which the ebb and flow of play agitated. There was not a house in the famous street which was not divided into

* Or, according to the French system of numeration, two billions, six hundred millions of livres.

dens for speculators. They stock-gambled by the light of the sun, and also by that of the torches. As long as the fever lasted, paper had the advantage over gold, which the imagination has over the reality. Thus two men drew their swords one day in the street, the seller of shares wishing to be paid in paper and the buyer wishing to pay in gold."

The third part of the work, defining the various views of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, their struggles with the clergy, the new political creeds then brought forth, and the state of society previous to the Revolution, contains a vast deal of valuable information, much of which will be new to the American reader. A violent change, under such circumstances, seems to have been not only natural, but unavoidable, as a few facts gathered at random, from various parts of the book, will show.

The affairs of the nation were regulated according to the caprices of a royal mistress; ministers and other functionaries held office during her good pleasure, and questions of war or peace depended upon her private resentment; at her bidding a Count de Maurepas could be sent into exile for an epigram, and a Chevalier de Ressengier imprisoned for seven years "in an iron cage, in which he could neither stand upright nor stretch himself at length," for having composed, not sent, some satirical verses, a rough draft of which was found in his house. The attention of the monarch was engrossed in the pursuit of pleasure, and profligacy "walked in the sun." The most infamous expedients were resorted to in order to meet the royal extravagances and keep alive his exhausted passions. While the nation was in a state of starvation, one hundred millions were expended upon the debaucheries of the sovereign—and mercenary ravishers went forth nightly to kidnap or bribe the young and innocent in order to pander to the licentious inmate of the *Parc-aux-Cerfs*. Justice was but a name, trials were conducted in secret, the assistance of an advocate for most offences was prohibited, and men accused of crimes were regarded as guilty until proved innocent. But worse than all, *blank lettres-de-cachet* (orders to arrest) were given as presents to favorites; afterwards they came to be sold as merchandise. The number of merchants was limited by law—and strangers to the corps could only be admitted after a probation of from seven to twenty years, or the payment of a heavy sum. The peasantry were compelled to lodge soldiers, and on certain days of the year to work on the public roads without compensation at distances of ten or twelve miles from their homes. The number of beggars was incredible, amounting in 1777 to one million two hundred thousand, and the roads were infested with banditti. The system of taxation was oppressive beyond endurance. The revenue was farmed out, custom houses divided one province from another, and the number of men commissioned to levy imposts no less than two hundred and fifty thousand. A measure of wine passing from Orleans to Normandy became at least twenty times dearer! But the tax on salt was the most odious of all. In amount it equalled the *vingtièmes* (an income-tax of five per cent. on real estate). Its weight fell upon the provinces unequally, fixing the price of salt in some at four livres the hundred weight, and in others at seventy-two livres—eighteen times as much! Every person above seven years of age was compelled to buy seven pounds of salt from the government, and even this could not be used for gross saltings. Yet amid all these burdens, the Church property remained exempt from

taxation—a property whose mere annual *revenues* amounted to the prodigious sum of twelve hundred and twenty millions of livres!

After this, can any one wonder at the Revolution?

We now come to the History of Ten Years. Written in a pleasantly narrative style, far more attractive than the other, it aims to show that the monarchy of 1830, having no authority to rest upon, had to choose between the bourgeoisie and the people. That, as this Revolution, as well as the former, had been effected by the people, they should have reaped the benefits of it. That the king, in leaning on the bourgeoisie, to the exclusion of the people, deceived the nation, and was compelled to obtain tranquillity by oppressing the people at home and disgracing its name abroad. That in adopting for its policy, *peace at any price*, France was lowered to a second-rate power, and rendered subservient to England. That in fine, when not united by the fear of the lower classes, the legislature and the executive, that is, the bourgeoisie and the sovereign, were engaged in a perpetual conflict, the result of which was want of unity, and therefore strength in the government. Whence he concludes, that a constitutional monarchy is an anomalous form of government, destitute of all the elements which constitute durability and true greatness.

The book professes to be impartial, but from the accumulation of evidence against the house of Orleans, we feel that the historian is absorbed in the partisan.

Yet, if we admit his statements—the truth of which it is impossible to test, as they comprise cabinet secrets into which we cannot otherwise penetrate, and contemporary events of which no other history has as yet been written—we must acknowledge the book makes out a strong case against the government, and was no doubt a leading agent in fomenting that unpopularity which rendered the overthrow of the throne so easy a matter.

The book also impresses us with the necessity that existed upon the proclaiming of the republic, for the adoption of measures to relieve the masses. The doctrines long agitated by the Louis Blanc school, had taught the people, some at least of them, to believe the next Revolution must result to their advantage; and therefore, when the republic was declared, order was only to be preserved by showing them their interests were kept in view. Practicable or utopian, the experiment was inevitable. Hence the attempt to organize labor under the direction of Albert and Louis Blanc.

Fraternity is a beautiful theory. We admire it as an end, but until we hear of some more practicable means of attaining it we must despair of its advent. And thus while we cannot but respect the motives of a writer who aims at rescuing his fellows from misery, we must censure the rashness which endangers the whole fabric of society for the purpose of making an experiment whose failure the merest tyro in Economy could have foreseen. The masses looked up to Louis Blanc as their apostle, and had he represented to them that all reforms, social especially, to be useful must be progressive, they would have been satisfied with the hope of improvement, and the country would have been in less danger of dissensions.

Fraternity rests upon the perfectibility of the human race. But as long as it is subject to the vices and passions which now afflict it, we of the nineteenth century must regard the theory quite as absurd and visionary as our forefathers of the sixteenth would have considered that of a republic.

Experience shows that every form of government is, at some particular stage of society, that which is best adapted to its peculiar wants—and further, that no form is permanent. May not then the republican form, now deemed by many the *ultima Thule* of institutions, give way in a more advanced state of mankind, to some practical development of the fraternity doctrine?

We suggest, without presuming to predict. Let us now return to the book before us.

It opens with an introduction, giving an account some eighty pages long of France under the Restoration.

The wide-spread conspiracy of the *Charbonniers*, the French Carbonari, is there brought to light. Embracing men of all conditions, from a working-man to a La Fayette, it gives us the key to the dangers which beset all governments in France. Men there, more than elsewhere, seem disposed to place the sacredness of *cause* above that of *country*. They seek to establish truth, even at the risk of treason. Heroic, generous, and devoted, too many of them give up their lives without a sigh, and throw away their virtues on a barren soil. A man who spends his life in conspiracies is useless to his country. History shows them to be of little service. Governments are seldom upset except where they have inspired general indignation—and then a few days, a few hours suffice to get up a conspiracy. Witness 1830 and 1848, Paris, Munich, Vienna, Berlin, and Milan. Witness, too, the failures of long organized conspiracies throughout history—France and Ireland in particular.

Yes, in this preference of *cause* to *country* lies the danger of France. In 1789 the nobles joined the invaders in defence of their king. In 1815, the bourgeoisie of Paris welcomed the allies. In 1821, the *Charbonniers* conspired for a republic. From 1830 to 1840, the Legitimists conspired for the Bourbons, the Bonapartists for the Empire, and the Liberals for a republic. In 1848, the Communists are conspiring still!

The account of the Revolution of 1830 is lively and entertaining. The departure of Charles X. from Cherbourg affords a happy specimen of the author's style:

"Two vessels had been prepared to receive the king, his family, and the persons of their suite. These were the *Great Britain* and the *Charles Carroll*, under the command of Captain Dumont d'Urville, vessels of republican build, launched in the American waters, and belonging to members of the Bonaparte family. The people are fond of remarking these contrasts; they are the poetry of history * * * At last the parting moment was come. Standing on the deck, the old king bade farewell to France; and the *Great Britain*, towed by a steamer, unfurled her sails, whilst the guard silently took their way back up the cliffs of Cherbourg. * * * And the Bourbons sailed away for England, crossing perhaps the track once made by the vessel of the defeated Stuarts. The sky foreboded no storm; the wind filled the sails; and the ship disappeared over the sea."

An amusing anecdote is told, showing the irritation caused in England by the preparations for the Algerian war under Charles X. Lord Stuart, the ambassador at Paris, had been directed to inquire of the ministers what were their intentions regarding the expedition, and these not giving satisfactory answers, Lord Stuart attempted intimidation:

"In a conversation with the English ambassador, Mr. d'Haussey (the minister of Marine), nettled by the peremptory tone assumed by Lord Stuart, suffered these words to escape him: 'If

you want a diplomatic reply, the president of the council will give it to you. For my part, I tell you, setting aside the language of official intercourse, we don't care a d—n for you."

Further on we find an account of Louis Philippe's first and last minister, M. Guizot:

"A man of sour and haughty temper, steeped in pride, impassioned under an outward appearance of calmness. You could easily recognise the man by his noble, but melancholy forehead, his dryly cut lips, his cold disdainful smile, and a certain drooping of the body, the index of a troubled soul . . . He was thought to be cruel; perhaps he was only so in his speeches . . . faithful in friendship, that none might have cause to repent of having trusted in his fortunes, he had always affected to despise his enemies that he might not be suspected of fearing them. His talent consisted in veiling under the solemn pomp with which he enunciated them, a great poverty of views, and sentiments devoid of grandeur. His word, nevertheless, had weight; and his disinterestedness, the grave tenor of his life, his domestic virtues, and the austerity of his manners, marked him out from the frivolous and greedy society in which he moved. Add to this, that he had the art, like Casimir Perier, of ennobling mean designs, and of serving whilst appearing to reign."

As we advance, we find the various commotions that marked the first years of the reign; the revolutions of Poland, Belgium, Italy, and Spain; the insurrections of Paris and Lyons; the various attempts at regicide; the insurrection fomented by the Duchesse de Berri, and the curious scandal arising out of her clandestine marriage; the views of the Socialists; the Asiatic Cholera; the war in Algiers; in a word, all the leading events of the ten years, described in a clear, interesting, and entertaining style.

In treating of Jackson's famous message on the Twenty-five Millions, he states that the tone was assumed by the President at the instigation of Louis Philippe himself, based upon the bourgeoisie's dislike for war!

The following account of Lamartine will be read with interest:

"In appearance, M. de Lamartine is the nobleman. His features are finely chiselled, his figure tall and slight, his manner easy, though dignified, and he adds to the style of the perfect gentleman the spontaneous elegance which is composed of exquisite nothings. Only his addiction to poetry having accustomed him to pomp of fiction, he is unskilled in the language of the drawing-room, the light and lively babble of the day. That such a man should be a democrat was astonishing to some, though nothing, however, was more true. And if democracy had not been his first worship, it was because he had only seen her through the dust raised by the battles of half a century. . . . How was it possible that the poet of the *Meditations*, so calm and gentle, that he was himself almost a breathing lyre, should not have been revolted by such a spectacle? But false appearances only exercise a passing influence on superior men. . . . M. de Lamartine was a Christian, heart and soul, and to do the people justice was a sentiment not too lofty for him. . . . Unfortunately M. de Lamartine is impassionable to a degree which sets the suspicious on their guard against him. He was ardently desired as an ally—but was one sure of him, was there not a danger of losing him? The magnanimity with which he would acknowledge an error, and the intrepidity with which he would announce a change of opinion, gave a tone of indecision to his policy—and he was lowered by it to his real exaltation. On the other hand, he seemed as ill-calculated for the leader of a party as Chateaubriand. Not that he neglected the practical side of things. On the contrary, he would busy himself in such matters with a sort of childish anxiety, as if he dreaded that his fame would otherwise suffer, and that

poetry should be exposed, in his person, to the scorn of men of business. But to be leader of a party is to be its slave; and when command becomes a haughty form of obedience, then a total renunciation of self, of one's own ideas, and, at times, a servility of ambition are required, of which men of genius are incapable. A demagogue, M. de Lamartine could not become. He was never seen to give way in the Chamber to that hostile look, menacing gesture, sudden start, or unexpected burst, which challenge and provoke passion, and act on an assembly like tempestuous winds on the billows of the sea. His action was deliberate; his words, of purple and gold, fell from his lips with slow and measured cadence; his lofty figure preserved a coldly dignified port; and if we may so express ourselves, the pulsations of his eloquence beat too temperately and uniformly. But there is one glory which is indisputable M. de Lamartine's. At an epoch when many republicans had not got beyond the notion that the substitution of a consul for a king would insure the weal of the people, he, a legitimist but newly converted, already heralded social reforms."

The marriage of the Duc d'Orleans is highly entertaining. After having been refused the hand of an Archduchess of Austria, "because it was quite out of the question for an Austrian princess to be subjected to ride in a carriage which might be pierced with bullets on the way," M. Thiers hesitated between the Duchess Helena of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and one of the inexhaustible princesses of Coburg. As the latter was still playing with her doll, the choice fell upon the former. After describing her reception in Paris, the writer ridicules the courtiers in these words, which we copy for the benefit of those on our side the water who indulge in the unbecoming practice referred to in the concluding phrase:

"It was the better to prove the wisdom of the princess's choice, that, after extolling the Princess Helena's figure, the beauty of her complexion, her flaxen hair, her graceful deportment, that they ascribed to her more erudition than a woman of *esprit* cares to have, and more *esprit* than a woman of good sense chooses to display . . . At the same time, with a rude violation of the mystery in which female modesty finds its fitting shelter, they held up, as it were, the contents of the princess's trousseau to the public gaze, and described her toilet, from her head-dress to her garters."

The perseverance with which the author brings everything to bear against royalty is shown in the following. A splendid representation having been given in the Champ du Mars in honor of this marriage, great confusion occurred among the crowd, by which many persons were crushed to death. The author relates the event, and then adds:

"When Maria Antoinette came to France, to become the bride of the prince who was afterwards Louis XVI., there were then, likewise, wretches stifled in the crowd, and great rejoicings at court."

Arago, member of the late Provisional Government, and one of the present Executive Committee, is thus described:

"M. Arago's peculiar characteristic was the versatility of his talents. Renowned through all Europe as a professor and *savant*, he displayed in debate a copious, luminous eloquence, abounding in facts, citations, and striking details; and certainly not one of the first writers among his contemporaries could have hoped to surpass him for amplitude, suppleness, and, above all, perspicuity of style. There was something dazzling in his superiority in this respect, and it made him one of the most successful popularizers of science that ever existed."

"A man thus organized could not keep aloof from politics, the more especially as he was impelled towards them by a mind naturally given

to command, and an immense appetite for action; for nothing seemed to come amiss to that highly gifted nature; meditation or action: the calmness of study, and the stir and bustle of human affairs; solitary contemplation of the heavens, and the noise and storms of the forum. Mighty in science, M. Arago was, perhaps, still more so in passion."

Further on we find a passage that reminds us of Lamartine:

"I do not mean that the spirit of conquest ought to be aroused amongst us. France does not desire the nations for subjects. . . . Gloriously incapable of fixing herself, France is like the Nile—she fertilizes what she submerges, and she passes on."

This work which, while narrating the events of the past, has, no doubt, had great influence in precipitating those that came afterwards, should be read by all who are anxious to obtain a proper understanding of the public mind in France, as now constituted.

One object which it had in view is accomplished—the downfall of the *juste-milieu* monarchy. The other, which perhaps the author did not fully weigh, is yet to work mischief. To teach the masses that the wealthy classes are their enemies, is to scatter seeds of discord in society which tend to ruin the general prosperity, and which can only be extirpated by bloodshed, or an intelligence that we dare not hope for.

We find two passages in the Revolution of 1789, with which we will conclude our notice, regretting our limited space prevents us from pointing out the progress of the republican party through all its vicissitudes during the ten years, as well as noticing more particularly the views and position of the Socialists and Communists. One of them we give in application to our own country:

"The ardor of gain, when nothing elevates it, destroys empires; it accustoms men to small thoughts, it acts upon and fills the heart without enlarging it, it abases character, it effaces the idea of country. When a desire for wealth becomes the ruling motive power of a society, it is necessary to ennoble it by associating it with the splendor of vast designs, by making it concurrent with the fortune of the state itself; and to prevent its becoming a cause of general abasement, it is not too much to give it, as the English have, the ocean to subjugate, and the world to conquer."

The other passage seems to have been written in anticipation of M. Louis Blanc's recent defeat, and as a sort of consolation in reserve:

"To those only is our admiration due, who, in advance of their epoch, have the glory to foresee the aurora, and the courage to salute its coming. For, finally, to raise an independent and bold voice when the public murmurs are against you; to attack power, which shall illuminate you, for the advantage of a crowd who do not understand nor know you; to have in yourself your encouragement, strength, hope; with an indomitable soul, and a holy avidity for justice, to go towards the end without regarding whether you are followed, and then having reached the heights from which you are to point out the way to your tardy age, to finish by living in the bitter solitude of one's own intellect and heart; this is what is worthy of eternal homage, and it is for those who are capable of such an effort, that the incense of history should smoke."

The Artist's Married Life; being that of Albert Durer. Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer, by Mrs. J. R. Stodart. Chapman.

We take the following notice of a new work of interest which has not yet reached us, from the London *Athenaeum*:

The merits of this story consist in its fine purpose and its thoughtful, and for the most part just, exposition of man's inner life. To those who, chiefly appreciating such qualities, can dispense with the stimulants of incident and passion, the book before us will not be unacceptable. No one, indeed, would have a right to expect from the author of the "Laienbrevier" [see *Ath.* No. 437] such a stern and forcible picture of old times and trials as a Meinhold can give—still less the wire-drawn sentimentalities of a Hahn-Hahn; but pure thoughts—high morals—tender feelings—might be looked for. We would fain, in a picture of the Worthy of Nuremberg, have enjoyed in addition some of that richness of imagery which (how far different from mere trictrac display!) imparts so unique a tone to the old-world Franconian city:—but the poetry of such a combination is beyond and above Schefer. He has taken Herri Campe's touching memorial as his text; and confined himself to emulating its humor, without—as we think a novelist might legitimately have done—throwing something of the glories of one of the most glorious of ancient cities on the page. Those who have ever visited Durer's home will understand us when we say, that we look upon the artist-hero rather in a light conveyed through the pale green glass of a Presbyterian conventicle than in such mellowed *chiaroscuro* as is made by the passage of Day through the Volkamer window!

The tale is supposed to include the autobiography of Albert Durer's married life, communicated by the painter on his death-bed to his friend Wilibald Pirckheimer. The marriage of Durer with Agnes, the daughter of Hanns Frei,—an event pre-arranged and determined by the will of their parents,—and the trials which result from an unsympathetic union, form the motive and interest of the narrative. It is not from absence of affection between the wedded pair, but from a want of harmony in the aims of life, that their conjugal miseries arise. The loving nature of the artist at once attaches him to the partner of his destiny,—nor is she irresponsible to his regard. It is her misfortune that with a mind unable to reach the sphere of her husband's interests, she insists on their surrender. She is jealous of those sympathies which translate the imaginative mind into the experience of the race, and lift its regards from individual to universal interests. The law of such a mind is to aspire and to expand:—while the bias of a common nature is to monopolize and limit. The privilege of Genius is to find its chief reward in its inspiration,—its support in the beneficence of its purpose: but the demand of ordinary humanity is for tangible advantage. The latter measures greatness by its paraphernalia and its wealth—not by the power of enjoyment, but by the abundance of its stimulants.

Here, then, are the elements of the struggle.—Agnes hates as a rival the Art which enchanters her husband. She would regard it as a mere productive power to supply the means of gratification—and cannot comprehend the delight of which it is in itself the source. All that relates to it she sees through a false medium. The reverie in which the painter conceives his ideals she mistakes for unthrifly idleness. His pleasure in social converse or his content in that inner world to which he retires for consolation are so many evidences that she is not all-essential to his happiness. So matters proceed until Agnes becomes a mother—and the reconciling influence of this new tie prevails for a while.

How the actualities of life enter into the development of Art may be seen in our first quotation. It offers, also, a probable solution of the manner in which the personality of the artist is identified with his imagination.

"*A Little Agnes*, who now appeared, gave to Albert's Wife the Radiance, yea the Glory of the Mother. Thus the Deity continued to bless her! Agnes was the sacred Instrument in His Hands, and the most mysterious, the most divine Powers of old Nature were thus granted to her as it were in Fief. *Albert* being now filled with Reverence, Rapture, Satisfaction, and Thankfulness, all was well, better than ever, and his Love was now nobly founded, and hers *justified*, if not more. For *Agnes* also felt in heart as if newly-born, and secretly bound by her Husband's unwearyed care. He watched over Mother and Child. No breath of air should blow upon them; and when both the dear Ones slumbered, then he hastened away to draw and to paint; and, to his own amazement, he quickly and beautifully completed a Picture of the Nativity, and one of the Adoration, with the three Holy Kings. The Picture seemed as if speaking. And then he blessed the Path he had chosen? His own Life opened up to him an unknown portion both of the World and of his Art, and he felt that he was now the Man to produce quite different and truer Works. Nature in her Divinity had never yet presented herself before him so closely and so sacredly! And he felt fresher than in the blooming Month of May after a mild and fertilizing Tempest. The Ideas which have once been cleared up to the Artist remain eternally clear in his Mind. He directs himself to these bright points of his inner Life when he wishes to model—then he can dream and create! From this source all is Real! He has felt what he wishes to represent;—he may change and transpose; then unfold, and convey his Ideas to other Men; and his Work will always spring from the Heart and go to the Heart again. Therefore he must have experienced the greatest, the simplest, the most beautiful, and the saddest Events of Nature and of human Life in general—he must have felt the highest Joy and the deepest Sorrow—and whoever has trod the noble path of Human Life with an observing mind—and that is peculiar to the Artist—to him are none of these wanting. But it is enough for him, that his Fancy embraces Nature in its simplicity! He need not have been the Murderer of innumerable Children, in order to represent the Massacre of the Innocents—if he only has and loves one *living* Child, and thinks—it may die! He need not have drained the Cup of Vice to the dregs, that he may paint *Lucretia*—if he only has a Wife, or has ever possessed one, whom he loves, and thinks—the proud King's son may appear before her with the Poniard or with Dishonor. He need not have gone to beg his Bread that he may draw the Prodigal—if he has only been a good Son, who loves his Father;—the Tatters are found then. Thus the Artist hits everything, whatever it may be, faithfully and truly, if he has always been a genuine Man, attentive to the plainest, simplest conditions of Nature. Only in this sense, then, these words are no Blasphemy: The Artist must have experienced what he wishes to create. Thus, indeed, he has experienced everything; and though simple and natural himself, he can yet easily represent the Unnatural. The Artist's first Power, then, is his own pure Heart; the second, his Fancy; the third, the faculty of conceiving everything that comes from his Heart, as from a true inexhaustible Source, to be afterwards woven by Fancy. *Albert* brought the Pictures to *Agnes*. The sight of them rejoiced her; but she looked at the Child and said: These are still nothing but Pictures after all! Who has been spoken them? and what wilt thou receive for them?—They are already paid—through you and my own joy! said he, somewhat mortified. It is true, they were only Pictures—and because he himself now possessed more than Pictures, he saw also that the Mother possessed more,

and that she had spoken quite naturally and justly. So he willingly learned this also,—that a living Work of God is of more value than all the Works of Men, and that these only exist and can exist—because those are."

The calm is of short duration. *Agnes* relapses into her suspicions, and envies the child its share in her husband's affection. The painter resorts to the companionship of his little *Agnes* as to an only solace. She soon perceives the injustice which he suffers, and the sense of it binds her more closely to her father. What we are about to quote involves much that is distressing both in its detail and its suggestion. The violence of *Albert* is to be excused only by his suffering;—if we forgive the ill-directed hand it is because the mist of tears was in the eyes. Waiving these objections, however, all that succeeds is of exquisite beauty.

"But the Feelings of Children are inconceivably delicate and just. Little *Agnes* soon saw how unhappy her Father was in his House, how little he was valued. *Albert* had perceived and learnt, first of all from her own Mouth, how much it grieved the loving little One to see him so ill-used. He saw it also in her soft blue Eyes. But he saw it meekly and silently. When *Albert* visited a Friend one day, against the inclinations of *Agnes*, who feared that he might perhaps complain of her, and thereby make public what appeared to her quite allowable in private—and came home late, that she might not be awake, and yet found her keeping watch with the Child, who had waited for her Father that she might go to bed with him—then the Mother scolded him, and called him a Waster of Time and Money—a Man addicted to worldly Pleasures, while she toiled away for ever in secret at Home, and had never had a single happy Hour with him. Thereupon he sat down, and closed his Eyes; but Tears may have secretly gushed forth from under his Eyelids. Then the Child sighed, pressed him and kissed him, but said at the same time to her Mother in Childish Anger: Thou wilt one day bring down my Father to the Grave! then thou wilt repent it. Everybody says so—The Mother wished to tear her from his arms. But he hindered her, wishing to punish his Child himself. These were the first blows he had ever given her. The Child stood trembling and motionless—Do not beat her on my account! certainly not on my account! exclaimed *Agnes*, thus indirectly irritating him still more. The Father, however, struck. But in the midst of the Sorrow and at the same time of the Anger which his Sufferings caused him, he observed at length for the first time that his little Daughter had turned round between his knees, and that he had struck her with a rough hand on the stomach! He was horror-struck; he staggered away, threw himself upon his Bed and wept—wept quite inconsolably. But the Child came after him, stood for a long time in silence, then seized his hand, and besought him thus: My Father, do not be angry! I shall so soon be well again. My Mother says thou hast done right. Come, let me pray and go to bed. I have only waited for thee. Now the little Sand-man comes to close my eyes. Come, take me to thee; I will certainly for the future remain silent, as thou dost! Hearest thou? Art thou asleep? dear Father! This danger then appeared to be overpast. Almost luckily, might the guilty Father's Heart say, the little *Agnes* had some time afterwards a dangerous Fall;—luckily!—in order that he might not further imagine that he was the cause of the Child's Death. She continued sick from that day, became worse, and no Physician could devise aught; even *Wilibald*, who had studied seven years at Padua and Bologna, only pressed the hand of the Father. That was intelligible enough. All the feelings of the Mother were again roused. The little *Agnes*'s Birthday happened on the Holy Christmas Eve. Firmly resolved to have

the little golden Hood and the white Frock, *Albert*, unknown to the Mother, had got them made in the City, and paid for. The Birthday Present shone in the twilight in the midst of the Christmas-tree, which had not yet been lighted up. The Mother saw it. She stood confounded as well as deeply mortified; and a Remorse seized her, which broke almost into a Rage against *Albert*. He wished to leave the room; but at the door his knees failed him. *Agnes* hastened after him, seized him, supported him in her arms, scolded him and wept with him, while he sobbed and struggled in vain for composure. She made him lie down. Then she lighted up the Christmas-tree, and the Father saw, but only as in a Dream, everything prepared. When all was ready, she said to him: bring *thy* Child, and he did so. But the joy of the Child was extinguished; she lifted up the little golden Hood and the white Frock—but scarcely smiled, and hid herself on her Father. The Angel at the top of the Christmas-tree took fire; it blazed up. And the Child admired in her little hand the Ashes of the Angel and the remnant of Tinsel from the wings. During the Night the Child suddenly sat upright. Her Father talked with her for a long time. Then she appeared to fall into a slumber, but called again to him, and said in a low voice: Dear Father! Father, do not be angry!—Wherefore should I be angry, my Child?—Ah! thou wilt certainly be very angry? Tell me, I pray thee, what it is!—But promise me first!—Here, thou hast my Hand. Why, then, am I not to be angry?—Ah, Father, because I am dying! But weep not! weep not too much! My mother says, thou needest thine Eyes. I would willingly—ah! how willingly—remain with thee,—but I am dying!—Dear Child, thou must not die! The Suffering would be mine alone!—Then weep not thus! Thou hast already made me so sorry!—ah! so sorry! Now I can no longer bear it. Therefore weep not! Knowest thou that when thou used to sit and paint and look so devout, then the beautiful Disciple whom thou didst paint for me stood always at thy side; I saw him plainly!—Now I promise thee, I will not weep! said *Albert*, thou good little soul! Go hence and bespeak a Habitation for me in our Father's House; for thee and for me!—*Albert* now tried to smile, and to appear composed again. Then *Agnes* exclaimed: Behold! there stands the Apostle again! He beckons me!—shall I go away from thee?—Oh Father!—With strange curiosity, *Albert* looked shuddering around. Of course there was nothing to be seen. But whilst he looked with tearful Eyes into the dusky room, only for the purpose of averting his looks—the lovely Child had slumbered away. The Father laid all the Child's little playthings into the Coffin with her—that he and her Mother might never more be reminded of her by them—the little Gods, the little Lamb, the little Coat for the Snow-king, and the little golden Pots and Plates. Over the whole, Moss and Rose-leaves. Thereon was she now bedded. Thus she lay, her Countenance white and pure, for the mark, the purple Cross, had disappeared with the Blood from her Cheeks. And now, for the first time, she had on the white Frock, and the golden Hood encircled her little Head, but not so close as to prevent a lock of her Hair from escaping from beneath."

The little incident of the white frock and the golden hood of which the child had been twice disappointed, and which she wears only in her coffin, is most touchingly introduced. How many robes that life covets in vain are at last granted for a shroud!

Shortly after the child's death *Albert* quits his wife for a season. During their separation *Agnes* learns better to appreciate the claims of her husband—while he acquires still deeper patience for those infirmities which had still their root in her love. It is the worthy aim of the novelist to show that even the trials of genius are part of its education—that its very wounds are furrows for its harvest. With the

development of this moral and the death of *Albert* the story terminates.

What we have already said implies high praise—and our extracts will justify it. But the volume is not exempt from the besetting errors of the German school. Ideas which might easily have been conveyed in simple and precise definitions are sometimes provokingly hidden under a veil of misty and elaborate phraseology. The symbols by which the emotions and characters of the agents are indicated are often so minute and unconnected as rather to demand an interpretation than to manifest a purpose.

Allowing that much which seems affected arises from the difficulty of translating the idiomatic expressiveness of the original language into foreign equivalents, we yet find a serious residuum of manufactured subtlety and intentional vagueness. An imaginative work, we admit, should not require didactic exposition. It is life in action and symbol; and from their harmonious arrangement alone should the purpose of the narrative be deduced. But, on the other hand, a novel or a poem is not a conundrum. Its end is to delight and to instruct—not to perplex. The quality of perspicuity is one of the most valuable in a teacher, not only for its own sake but as a pledge also of his earnestness. Whoever feels the worth of his thought to himself, and desires its impartation to the world, will cultivate as amongst his first requisites a lucid and simple expression. It may be granted that heights of vision are sometimes disclosed to the creative mind which transcend the range of common apprehensions, and after every facility has been provided by the writer the capacity of the student may occasionally be baffled. But whatever the altitude of the star, it is the office of Genius to furnish the glass that brings its lustre nearer—and thus to reveal as the sublime what otherwise would have been the obscure. When such aid is given, even though unsuccessfully, it is the reader who fails;—when withheld, it is the writer.

Habitual acquaintance with such a style as we here complain of may doubtless sharpen the perceptions of the inquirer. He may accustom himself to understand the language of hints, and become expert to unwind a continuous meaning from a tangled skein. For most men, however, life is too brief and busy to permit the attainment of its objects by such tedious processes. The pilgrim who can journey by the aid of sign-posts, or still better by the conspicuous eminence of his goal, is little likely to pick out his path like the Indian, even though in the attempt a new faculty is to be acquired.

Poetry.

ON A PORTRAIT OF LADY JANE GREY.

How the quick tear will gather to the eye,
In musing on thy history, fated one!
O thou the beautiful,—the young,—the wise,—
That with all peerless gifts divinely shone;
Yet had their radiant raiment no charm
To save thee from annoy, or hide from harm;
But like a vesting armorie steel-bright,
Glitter'd to summon from the sky of time
The lightning's down, and lure to rueful blight
A life, half-heavenly with things sublime,
Yet from thy doom, how angel-like, went
springing

The memory of thy loveliness and woe!
To make thy name a treasured voice of singing,
Where the far ages like to temples grow.

JEROME A. MABEY.

[We wish we knew the author of the following superb Lyric, the manuscript of which, placed anonymously in our hands long since, has been so long mislaid that the poem may in the meanwhile have appeared in print. Our temperance readers will think that genius has been painfully misplaced in this instance—but still will not withhold their admiration from a glowing piece of poetic art worthy of the Lyre of old Anacreon himself, and which, from the toast to the new-born year of the Republic, they may imagine to be inspired by our approaching anniversary.]

CHAMPAGNE.

" _____ quo' he,
My hearte it maketh righten gladdie.
To pledge thee thus, my jolie Ladde." MS.

CHAMPAGNE!

How gloriously it sparkles, blushes,
As from its prison-house it gushes,
Flashing amain!
Gods! how the care-worn visage flushes,
As from the heart the hot blood rushes,
Madd'ning the brain!

Champagne!

Fill high! Fill high your ope-mouth'd glasses,
And, as round the Wine-God passes,
Ring out the strain!
Io Bacche! away ye asses,
Heart-misers all, who mumble masses
Or gasp for gain!

Drink we, friends so well met here,
Drink we to the new-born year;
Drink we to the absent dear,

Io Bacche!

Ye whom a doubt perplexes,
Ye whom a sad thought vexes,
Drown woes that would unsex us!

Io Bacche!

Whose fond heart hath felt a blight?
Whose love star hath lost its light?
Mourn to-morrow—drink to night,

Io Bacche!

Pledge true hearts, and love-lit eyes,
Pledge our Friendship's golden ties,
Pledge life's *Essence* ere it dies,

Io Bacche!

Champagne! Champagne!
Poet! who sang'st the chariot races,
And mad'st our Bacchus lead the Graces
A vine-crowned train!
Oh! woul' I that thine amphoran vases,
Had held the juice this glass embraces,
To wake thy strain!

Champagne! Champagne!
Lo! the glorious work advances,
You ceiling waltz the fun enhances
And then again,
How gracefully Will's bottle prances
Up to Tom's glass which one legged dances—
The drunken twain!

Champagne! Champagne!
Now with the clustering grape wreaths bind us,
For lo! you rosy tints remind us
We should refrain—
Hold! ere the tendrils quite entwine us—
A parting glass, God of the Vinous,
To thee we drain!

HARRY BARRY.

Works in Press.

BULWER'S NEW HISTORIC ROMANCE.
(*Harold the last of the Saxon Kings*. In the press of Harper & Brothers.)

We gather from glances at some of the early sheets of the new work of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, that it exhibits a higher finish of style and more chastened beauty than any of his preceding productions.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

The war now raged.

The two divisions of the invading army that included the auxiliaries, had sought in vain to surround the English vanguard, and take it in

the rear; that noble phalanx had no rear. Deepest and strongest at the base of the triangle, everywhere a front opposed the foe; shields formed a rampart against the dart-spears a palisade against the horse. William, unable to pierce to the intrenchments, while that vanguard maintained its ground; but, having approached near enough to behold, with admiring surprise—their strength, now changed his tactics, joined his knighthood to the other sections, threw his hosts rapidly into many wings, and leaving broad spaces between his archers—who continued their fiery hail—ordered his heavy-armed foot to advance on all sides upon the wedge, and break its ranks for the awaiting charge of his horse.

Harold, still in the centre of the vanguard, amidst the men of Kent, continued to animate them all with voice and hand; and, as the Normans now closed in, he flung himself from his steed, and strode on foot, with his mighty battle-axe, to where the rush was dreadest.

Now came the shock—the fight hand to hand; spear and lance were then thrown aside, axe and sword rose and shone. But before the close serried lines of the English, with their physical strength, and veteran practice in their own special arm, the Norman foot were mowned as by the scythe. In vain, in the intervals, thundered the repeated charges of the fiery knights; in vain, throughout all, came the shaft and the bolt.

Animated by the presence of their king fighting among them as a simple soldier, but with his eye ever quick to foresee, his voice ever prompt to warn, the men of Kent swerved not a foot from their indomitable ranks. The Norman infantry wavered and gave way; on step by step, still unbroken in array, pressed the English. And their cry, "Out! out! Holy Crosse!" rose high above the flagging sound of "Ha Rou! Ha Rou!—Notre Dame!"

"*Per la resplender Dé,*" cried William. "Our soldiers are but women in the garb of Normans. Ho, spears to the rescue! With me to the charge, Sires D'Aumale and De Littain—with me, gallant Bruse and De Mortain; with me, De Graville and Grantmesnil—Dex aide! Notre Dame." And heading his prowest knights, William came, as a thunderbolt, on the bills and shields. Harold, who scarce a minute before had been in a remoter rank, was already at the brunt of that charge. At his word down knelt the foremost line, leaving naught but their shields and their spear-points against the horse. While behind them, the axe in both hands, bent forward the soldiery in the second rank, to smite and to crush. And behind, from the core of the wedge, poured the shafts of the archers. Down rolled in the dust half the charge of those knights. Bruse reeled on his saddle; the dread right hand of D'Aumale fell lopped by the axe; De Graville, hurled from his horse, rolled at the feet of Harold; and William, born by his great steed and his colossal strength into the third rank—there dealt, right and left, the fierce strokes of his iron club, till he felt his horse sinking under him—and had scarcely time to back out of the foe—scarcely time to get beyond reach of their weapons, ere the Spanish destrier, frightfully gashed through its strong mail, fell dead on the plain. His knights swept round him. Twenty barons sprang from saddle to yield him their chargers. He chose the one nearest to hand, sprang to foot and to stirrup, and rode back to his lines.

The first breastwork down—the Saxons yielding inch by inch, foot by foot, are pressed,

crushed back, into the second inclosure. The same rush, and swarm, and fight, and cry, and roar:—the second gives way. And now in the centre of the third—lo, before the eyes of the Normans, towers proudly aloft, and shines in the rays of the westerly sun, brodered with gold, and blazing with mystic gems, the standard of England's king! And there are gathered the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes who had never yet known defeat—unwearied they by the battle; vigorous, high-hearted still; and round them the breastworks were thicker, and stronger, and higher, and fastened by chains to pillars of wood and staves of iron, with the wagons and carts of the baggage, and piled logs of timber—barricades at which even William paused aghast, and Odo stifled an exclamation that became not a priestly lip.

Before that standard, in the midst of the men, stood Gurth, and Leofwine, and Haco, and Harold, the last leaning for rest upon his axe, for he was sorely wounded in many places, and the blood oozed through the links of his mail.

Live, Harold; live yet, and Saxon England shall not die!

The English archers had at no time been numerous; most of them had served with the vanguard, and the shafts of those within the ramparts were spent; so that the foe had time to pause and to breathe. The Norman arrows meanwhile flew fast and thick, but William noted to his grief that they struck against the breastworks and barricades, and so failed in the slaughter they should inflict.

He mused a moment, and sent one of his knights to call to him three of the chiefs of the archers. They were soon at the side of his destrier.

"See ye not, *maladroits*," said the duke, "that your shafts and bolts fall harmless on those ozier walls. Shoot in the air; let the arrows fall perpendicular on those within—fall as the vengeance of the saints falls, direct from heaven! Give me thy bow, Archerthus." He drew the bow as he sat on his steed, the arrow flashed up, and descended in the heart of the reserve, within a few feet of the standard.

"So; that standard be your mark," said the duke, giving back the bow.

The archers withdrew. The order circulated through their bands, and in a few moments more down came the iron rain. It took the English host as by surprise, piercing hide cap, and even iron helm; and in the very surprise that made them instinctively look upwards came.

A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the intrenchments on the Norman ear.

"Now," said William, "they must either use their shields to guard their heads—and their axes are useless—or while they smite with the axe they fall by the shaft. On now to the ramparts. I see my crown already resting on yonder standard!"

Yet despite all, the English bear up; the thickness of the palisades, the comparative smallness of the last inclosure, more easily therefore manned and maintained by their small force, defy other weapons than those of the bow. Every Norman who attempts to scale the breastwork is slain on the instant, and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks near and nearer towards the red horizon.

"Courage!" cries the voice of Harold, "hold but till nightfall, and ye are saved. Courage, and freedom."

"Harold and Holy Crosse!" is the answer.

THE DEATH OF HAROLD.

"Forward," cries William, and he gallops towards the breach.

"Forward," cries Odo, "I see the hands of the holy saints in the air! Forward! it is the dead that wheel our war steeds round the living!"

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears; Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his axe, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the king's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cries the fatal voice of Haco to the king.

At that cry the king raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death-shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the king, "conceal my death! Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! woe—woe!"

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clenched his right hand, and fell once more, a corpse.

Extracts from New Books.

THE SEPARATION OF JOSEPHINE AND NAPOLEON.

RUMORS had for some time been reaching Josephine of the doom which was impending over her. Agitated with the most terrible fears, and again clinging to trembling hope, the unhappy empress passed several weeks in the agony of suspense. Both were under great restraint, and each hardly ventured to look at the other. The contemplated divorce was noised abroad, and Josephine read in the averted looks of her former friend, the indications of her approaching disgrace. Napoleon and Josephine had been accustomed to live upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, and in their private hours, free from the restraints of a court, she would loiter in his cabinet, and he would steal in, an ever-welcome visitor, upon the secrecy of her boudoir. Now, reserve and restraint marked every word and movement. The private access between their apartments was closed. Napoleon no longer entered her boudoir; but, when he wished to speak to her, respectfully knocking at the door, would wait her approach. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation, immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture. They had many private interviews before Napoleon ventured to

announce directly his determination, in which he hinted at the necessity of the measure. From all these interviews Josephine returned with her eyes so swollen with weeping as to give her attendants the erroneous impression that personal violence was used to compel her to consent.

The fatal day for the announcement at length arrived. Josephine appears to have had some presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all the day she had been in her private apartment weeping bitterly. As the dinner-hour approached, to conceal her weeping and swollen eyes, she wore a head-dress with a deep front, which shaded the whole of the upper part of her face. They dined alone. Napoleon entered the room in the deepest embarrassment. He uttered not a word, but mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, as if to divert his thoughts. Josephine could not conceal the convulsive agitations of her frame. They sat together during the whole meal in silence. The various courses were brought in, and removed untouched by either. Says Josephine, "We dined together as usual. I struggled with my tears, which, notwithstanding every effort, overflowed my eyes. I uttered not a single word during that solitary meal; and he broke silence but once, to ask an attendant about the weather. *My sunshine, I saw, had passed away; the storm burst quickly.*" Immediately after this sorrowful repast, Napoleon requested the attendants to leave the room. The emperor, closing the door after them with his own hand, approached Josephine, who was trembling in every nerve. The struggle in the soul of Napoleon was fearful. His whole frame trembled. His countenance assumed the expression of the firm resolve which nerved him to this unpardonable wrong. He took the hand of the empress, pressed it to his heart, gazed for a moment, speechless, upon those features which had won his youthful love, and then, with a voice tremulous with the storm which shook both soul and body, said, "Josephine, my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you, to you alone, that I owe the few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France." "Say no more," exclaimed the empress in mortal anguish; "I expected this. I understand and feel for you; but the stroke is not the less mortal." And, with a piercing shriek, she fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon hastily opened the door and called for help. His physician, Dr. Corvisart, was at hand, and, entering with other attendants, they raised the unconscious Josephine from the floor, who, in a delirium of agony, was exclaiming, "Oh no! you cannot, you cannot do it! you would not kill me." Napoleon supported the limbs of Josephine, while another bore her body, and thus they conveyed her to her bed-room. Placing the insensible empress upon the bed, Napoleon again dismissed the attendants and rang for her women, who, on entering, found him bending over her lifeless form with an expression of the deepest anxiety and anguish. Napoleon slept not that night, but paced his room in silence and solitude, probably lashed by an avenging conscience. He frequently, during the night, returned to Josephine's room to inquire concerning her situation, but each time the sound of his footstep and of his voice almost threw the agonized empress into convulsions. "No! no!" says Josephine, "I cannot describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest which he affected to take in my sufferings, seemed to me additional cruelty.

O! how justly had I reason to dread becoming an empress!"

At length the day arrived for the public announcement of the divorce. The imperial council of state was convened in the Tuilleries, and all the members of the imperial family and all the prominent officers of the empire were present. Napoleon, with his pale and care-worn features, but ill concealed by the drooping plumes which were arranged to overshadow them, sacrificing strong love to still stronger ambition, with a voice made firm by the very struggle with which he was agitated, in the following terms assigned to the world the reasons for this cruel separation:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heirs of my love for my people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. That it is that induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consider only the good of my subjects, and desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interest of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them shall be for ever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of an empress. But, above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, with a faltering voice, and with her eyes suffused with tears, replied, "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart; the emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interest, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments, replete with dignity and grandeur, which were uttered in public; but Josephine returned from this dreadful effort to her chamber of the darkest woe, and so violent and so protracted was her anguish, that for six months she wept so incessantly as to be nearly blinded with grief. The next day after the public announcement to the imperial council of state of the intended separation, the whole imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuilleries for the legal consummation of the divorce. It was the 16th of December, 1810. Napoleon was there in all his robes of state, yet care-worn and wretched. With his arms

folded across his breast, he leaned against a pillar as motionless as a statue, uttering not a word to any one, and apparently insensible of the tragedy enacting around him, of which he was the sole author, and eventually the most pitiable victim. The members of the Bonaparte family, who were jealous of the almost boundless influence which Josephine had exerted over their imperial brother, were all there, secretly rejoicing in her disgrace. In the centre of the apartment there was a small table, and upon it a writing apparatus of gold. An arm-chair was placed before the table. A silence, as of death, pervaded the room. All eyes were fixed upon that chair and table, as though they were the instruments of a dreadful execution. A side door opened, and Josephine entered, supported by her daughter, Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, burst into tears as she entered the apartment, and continued sobbing as though her heart would break. All immediately arose upon the appearance of Josephine. She wore a simple dress of white muslin, unadorned by a single ornament. With that peculiar grace for which she was ever distinguished, she moved slowly and silently to the seat prepared for her. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and supporting her pallid brow with her hand, she struggled to repress the anguish of her soul as she listened to the reading of the act of separation. The voice of the reader was interrupted only by the convulsive sobs of Hortense, who stood behind her mother's chair. Eugene also stood behind her mother in that dreadful hour, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Josephine sat with tears silently trickling down her cheeks, in the mute composure of despair.

At the close of this painful duty, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkerchief to her weeping eyes; but, instantly regaining her composure, arose, and with her voice of ineffable sweetness, in clear and distinct tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. Again she sat down, and, with a trembling hand, took the pen and placed her signature to the deed, which for ever separated her from the object of her dearest affections and from her most cherished hopes. Scarcely had she laid down her pen, when Eugene dropped lifeless upon the floor, and was borne to his chamber in a state of insensibility, as his mother and sister retired.

But there still remained another scene of anguish in this day of woe. Josephine sat in her chamber in solitude and speechlessness, till Napoleon's usual hour for retiring to rest had arrived. In silence and in wretchedness, Napoleon had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected the wife of his youth, and his servant was waiting only to receive orders to retire, when suddenly the private door to his chamber opened, and Josephine appeared, with swollen eyes and dishevelled hair, and all the dishabille of unutterable agony. With trembling steps she tottered into the room, approached the bed, and then irresolutely stopped, and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—a feeling as if she now had no right to be there—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but, forgetting everything in the fulness of her grief, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept, while he endeavored to console her, and they remained for some time locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together. The attendant was dismissed, and, for an hour, they remained together in this last private in-

terview, and then, Josephine parted for ever from the husband she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved. As Josephine retired the attendant again entered, and found Napoleon so buried in the bedclothes as to be invisible. And when he arose in the morning, his pale and haggard features gave attestation of the sufferings of a sleepless night.

At eleven o'clock the next day, Josephine was to leave the scene of all her earthly greatness, and to depart from the Tuilleries for ever. The whole household were assembled on the stairs and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they had loved, and who, to use an expression of one present, "carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence." Josephine appeared, leaning upon the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved forward amid silence, at first uninterrupted, but to which immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not; but instantly entering a close carriage, with six horses, drove rapidly away, without casting one look backward on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness. The palace of Malmaison was assigned to Josephine for her future residence, and a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year settled upon her. Here, after many months of tears, she gradually regained composure, as time healed the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart. It was soon evident that there was no surer way of securing the favor of Napoleon than by paying marked attention to Josephine. She was consequently treated with the utmost deference by all the ambassadors of foreign courts and all the crowned heads of Europe.

One of the ladies who had been attached to the brilliant court of Josephine, upon the fall of her mistress was anxious to abandon her, and to revolve as a satellite around the new luminary, Maria Louisa. To the application, Napoleon replied in an angry tone, "No! no! she shall not. Although I am charged with ingratitude towards Josephine, I will have no imitators, especially among the persons whom she has honored with her confidence and loaded with her favors."

Josephine gives the following account of a subsequent interview with Napoleon, at Malmaison. "I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran towards me and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered. I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. O! then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me; and his look was that of the most tender affection. At length, in a tone of the deepest compassion and love, he said, 'My dear Josephine! I have always loved you—I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me in spite of the relations I have contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory.' 'Sire,' said I—'Call me Bonaparte,' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.' Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. O! how quickly does everything take place upon earth. I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The repudiation of Josephine, strong as

were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. A pique, originating in his second marriage, alienated Alexander of Russia from the French emperor, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena.—*Kings and Queens.*

Glimpses of Books.

AMERICAN INDIANS AT THE BRITISH COURT.

(From the London Athenaeum.)

The interview at Windsor is done in Mr. Catlin's gayest colors;—which, by the way, contain too many of the tints of *Rosa Matilda's* palette for our liking. The interview passed over as most royal presentations do. But (what does not necessarily happen in like circumstances) the party were "commanded" to stay and dine at the Castle, after Her Majesty's royal train had satisfied their curiosity:—

"With his usual kindness, Mr. Murray insisted on carving the roast-beef and helping them round, and next on drinking the Queen's health, which is customary at all public dinners. For this the first bottle of champagne was opened; and when the cork flew and the wine was pouring into the glasses, the Indians pronounced the word '*Chick-a-bob-boo!*' and had a great laugh. A foaming glass of it was set before each Indian; and when it was proposed to drink Her Majesty's health, they all refused. I explained to Mr. Murray the promise they were under to drink no spirituous liquor while in the kingdom. Mr. Murray applauded their noble resolution; but said at the same time that this was not *spirituous liquor*—it was a light wine, and could not hurt them; and it would be the only time they could ever drink to Her Majesty so properly, and Her Majesty's health could not be refused by Her Majesty's subjects. When urged again they still refused, saying, 'We no drink—can't drink.' They seemed, however, to be referring it to me, as all eyes were alternately upon me and upon their glasses, when I said to them, 'Yes, my good fellows, drink; it will not hurt you. The promise you have made to Mr. Rankin and myself will not be broken—it did not contemplate a case like this, where it is necessary to drink the Queen's health. And, again, this is *champagne*, and not *spirituous liquor*, which you have solemnly promised to avoid'—'*How! how! how!*' they all responded, and with great delight all joined in 'health to the Queen!' And as each glass was emptied to the bottom, they smacked their lips, again pronouncing the word '*Chick-a-bob-boo! Chick-a-bob-boo!*' with a roar of laughter among themselves. Mr. Murray and I becoming anxious to know the meaning of *chick-a-bob-boo*, it was agreed that the War-chief (who had a dry but amusing way of relating an anecdote) should give us the etymology of the word *chick-a-bob-boo*, which they said was manufactured but a few years since in their country. The old Boy-chief, who was not a stranger to *chick-a-bob-boo*, nor to good jokes, said that the 'War-chief couldn't tell a story well unless his lips were kept moist'; and he proposed that we should drink Mr. Murray's health before he commenced. So the champagne was poured again, and, the Hon. Mr. Murray's health being drunk, the War-chief proceeded by saying—that 'Only a few years since, when the white men were bringing so much rum and whiskey into the little village where he lives, that it was making them all sick, and killing a great many, the chiefs decided in council that they would tomahawk every keg of whiskey the white men should bring in; and it had the effect of keeping them away, and their people, who had been drunk and sick, were getting well. 'Not long

after that,' continued he, 'a little old man with red hair, who used to bring us bags of apples, got in the way of bringing in one end of his bag a great many bottles filled with something that looked much like whiskey, but which, when we smelled it, and tasted it, we found was not *fire-water*, and it was much liked by the chiefs and all; for they found, as he said, it was good, and would not make Indians drunk. He sold much of this to the Indians, and came very often; and when he had carried it a great way on his horse, and in the sun, it sometimes became very impatient to get out of the bottles; and it was very amusing to see the little old man turn a crooked wire into the bottle to pull the stopper, when one was holding a cup ready to catch it. As he would twist the wire in, it would go *chee—e—*; and when he poured it out, it would say, *pop-poo pop-poo*. This amused the women and children very much, and they called it at first *chee-pop-poo*, and since, *chick-a-bob-boo*. And this old man with red hair told us at last was nothing but the juice of apples, though we found it very good; and yet it has made some very drunk.' This story of the War-chief amused Mr. Murray very much, and he ordered one of the waiters to 'twist the crooked wire' into the neck of another bottle or two of the *chick-a-bob-boo* and 'pull out the little stoppers,' for he was going to propose that we all drink to the health of Prince Albert, who could never be neglected when her Majesty's health was drunk. This was done with enthusiasm; and the old chief soon proposed to drink Mr. Rankin's health, and my health, which were attended to; and he at length thought of the fat porter in scarlet and gold lace, whom he had passed at the door, and who at this moment, with several others in gold lace and powdered hair, were gathering around the table to take a glass or two of *chick-a-bob-boo* with them. This happened at a good time, and Mr. Rankin commenced the anecdote of the old chief having mistaken the porter Sykes for Prince Albert just as Mr. Murray and I withdrew from the room to proceed to town. I visited the Indians in their rooms that evening, and found them in good spirits, having been well pleased by her Majesty's kind reception, and also delighted with the *chick-a-bob-boo*, and the liberal construction that had been put upon their sacred engagement 'not to drink spirituous liquors.' Mr. Rankin gave me an amusing account of the old chief's second interview with the porter Sykes, and their manner of taking leave when they were parting to meet no more. 'Their pipes,' he said, 'were lit when they took their omnibus to return, and their joyful songs and choruses made it a *travelling music-box* the whole way to town.' I had come upon them at the moment they were taking their coffee—a habit they had got into as one of the last things before going to bed. When they finished their coffee they lit the pipe, and there were many comments from different parts of the room upon what they had seen during the day. The Queen was, of course, the engrossing theme for their thoughts, and their remarks; and though so well pleased with her kindness to them, they were evidently disappointed in her personal appearance and dress. Her Majesty was attired in a simple and unadorned dress of black, and wore apparently no ornaments whatever at the time of their presentation,—affording the poor fellows nothing either in her stature or costume to answer to the fancied figure of majesty which they had naturally formed in their minds, and were convinced they were going to see. They had, on first entering the room, taken the Duchess of Kent for the Queen, and said they were not apprised of their error until they heard me address the Queen as 'Her Majesty.' * * * Many jokes were passed upon the old chief for having mistaken the porter Sykes for Prince Albert, and for having brought his pipe of peace back, having been afraid to present it. They had many remarks to make also upon the little girl whom Her Majesty took by the hand; they told her she turned pale, and they were afraid she

would grow up a white woman. They now, for the first time, thought of the Queen's little children, and wondered they had not seen them: they thought they ought, at least, to have seen the Prince of Wales. Daniel, they said, had long since told them how old he was, and that he was to be the next king of England. He had also read to them his long names, which had pleased them very much, which they never could recollect, but would have written down." —*Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travels and Residence in Europe.*

Miscellany.

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS."

[A lady having offered a young butterfly beau the twelfth part of an English shilling for his meditations, the following was the proceeds of the investment. It was evidently an unprofitable speculation.]

METHOUGHT my heart a little yacht
Where Frolic was commander;
He sailed her round from spot to spot,
But never meant to land her;
Deeming the heart of every "dear"
A harbor safe and sunny
Towards which the yacht in vain would steer,
In vain—for want of money.
Methought the star that marked her way
The eye of brightest beaming,
But each new star of smiling ray
Bedimm'd the former's gleaming;
Thus, wandering on, she caught each breeze
That struck her snowy spanker,
And roamed o'er those inconstant seas
Where no hearts come to anchor.
At last methought her cruise was o'er
And she at anchor riding
In some snug heart, where long before
She slowly had been gliding;
And Oh! how glorious 'twas to feel
Her voyage well concluded,
Resting at peace where never keel
Had once before intruded!

M.

TELEGRAPHING UNDER WATER.—The wires of the New York and Philadelphia Telegraph have been extended across the Hudson, from Jersey City. They are encased in a double covering of gutta percha, and laid on the bottom of the river, in the track of the ferry boats (a distance of 1796 yards). Communication has been effected between the station in this city and Philadelphia; the experiment, however, has not yet been fairly tested, some mischievous scoundrel having contrived to sever the wire at some distance from the shore, just as the anticipations of the Telegraph Company bid fair to be realized. We presume the delay will be only temporary.

THE LOVE OF MAJOR ANDRE.—Miss Seward, in a note to her Monody on the Death of Major André, has asserted that Mr. André, in despair upon the marriage of Honora Sneyd, quitted his business as a merchant, insinuating that he was jilted by that lady, and that in consequence of this disappointment, he went into the army, and quitted this country. The fact is, that Major André's first commission was dated 4th March, 1771, and Miss Honora Sneyd was married (to Mr. Edge worth), 17th July, 1773, that is, two years after Mr. André went into the army. Despair on hearing of the marriage of Honora Sneyd, could not have driven him to quit his profession and his country, he having quitted both two years before that marriage.

During the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, fifty-seven journals were obliged to discontinue publication. Their writers and contributors were sentenced, in the aggregate, to an imprisonment of 3141 years.

According to a recent census, there are in Paris 175,000 workmen and workwomen without work; 110,500 who work four days a week, and 52,000 constantly unemployed, making a total of 337,500, without reckoning the Banlieue.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR CALDWELL.—It is only a few days since we announced the death of the Rev. Dr. Emory, President of Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa. Now we have to record the death of Professor Caldwell, of the same institution, who died on the 6th instant. There are coincidences in the life and death of these estimable men that are worthy of note. Both were members of the Evangelical Alliance, which met in London in the Spring of 1846. They were fellow travellers in Europe, and for several years were only separated during the short trip of Dr. Emory to the West India Islands. It may justly be said of them, "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death were not divided." —*Com. Adver.*

GEVELOT, the sculptor, has finished the cast of a large sized medal, in honor of General Taylor. It bears on one side an equestrian figure of Gen. Taylor, and on the other, within a circle of olive and laurel, the names of the principal battle-fields where the veteran has won honor.

SURVEY OF THE COPPER MINES.—Dr. C. T. Jackson, of Boston, has arrived in Washington to make preparations for his tour westward. The Government has chosen him in conjunction with Dr. D. D. Owen, to make survey of all the regions of Lake Superior and the waters of the Upper Mississippi, with reference more particularly to minerals. Dr. Jackson will survey the Lake Superior Land District, which includes the northern part of Michigan. This is a very important mission, and the reports, when made and printed, will be of great service to the country. They will embrace a variety of departments in science.

RUSS PAVEMENT.—The work of laying down the Russ pavement between Chambers and Murray streets, occupied forty-eight days, of which six were Sundays, and five and a half rainy, leaving 36½ working days. The work contains 2,167 superficial yards, and 31,217 blocks of stone. The excavation, 18 inches deep, contains 32,584 cubic feet, or 1,204 cubic yards.

The Massachusetts Agricultural Society has ordered from Paris, at a cost of \$800, the figure of a horse of full size, so constructed as to admit of all the pieces being taken apart. The pieces represent the muscles, blood-vessels, heart, lungs, and other organs, of their natural size and appearance.

Recent Publications.

The King's Messengers: an Allegorical Tale. By the Rev. W. Adams, M.A. New York: Gen. Prot. Episc. S. S. Union. 20 John st. 12mo. pp. 141. 1848.

THIS tale is by the well-known author of "The Shadow of the Cross," and is published in uniform style with that beautiful allegory, very prettily illustrated with engravings by Howland from original designs by Weir. The object, as stated in the Preface, is "merely to bring forward, prominently and distinctly, a single Christian duty," viz. Charity. Books like this—free from the mawkish sentiment and pharisaical cant which is too often put forth under the guise of religious instruction for children—cannot fail to do good; the style of the composition and the conduct of the story give evidence of a thoughtful and well-regulated mind; and while the imagination is amply gratified, the precepts so unobtrusively inculcated will sink deep into the heart.

Whom to Marry and How to Get Married; or, the Adventures of a Lady in Search of a Good Husband. Illustrated by Cruikshank. Philadelphia; Carey & Hart, pp. 99. 1848.

THE publishers are entitled to a general subscription of twenty-five cents a head from the fair sex throughout the land for placing this record of the experience of a lady who has refused "twenty excellent offers at least," within their reach at so cheap a rate. It is allotted unto few to have so much experience on so delicate a matter as a "proposal;" and if she did not profit by it herself, it is to be hoped her readers at least will reap some advantage. To speak seriously, under the guise of a pleasant trifle, certain social anomalies are successfully shown up, and a wholesome moral may be deduced by those who will take the pains to look for a deeper meaning than lies upon the surface. It unites pleasant reading with food for deep reflection.

Kings and Queens; or Life in the Palace. By Jno. C. Abbott. Harper & Brothers.

AT this moment, when crowns and palaces are crumbling so fast the world over, this neatly printed volume will have an interest with many as arresting and delineating with happy brevity some traits of Court life which are supposed to be passing rapidly away.

An interesting extract relating to the exhaustless theme of Josephine and Napoleon will be found in another column.

The Girls' and Boys' Miscellany.—This is the title of a handsome quarto juvenile, edited by Miss C. L. Tuthill, and published by Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia. It contains upwards of forty embellishments, each illustrative of some tale embodying good advice, or inculcating sound morality, in terms suited to the comprehension of children. We look upon this, and upon all books of a similar class, as so many juvenile home missionaries, whose labors, though silent, are not the less efficacious.

A Danish Story Book. By Hans Christian Andersen. With Illustrations. New York: C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway, 13mo. pp. 187. 1848.

THIS little volume contains *The Shoes of Fortune*, *The Fir Tree*, *The Snow Queen*, *The Leap-Frog*, *The Elder-Bush*, and *The Bell*. Andersen's style is by this time well known to our readers, so far at least as they can estimate it through the means of translation; and these are not the least favorable specimens of his manner, even though they give one the idea that the author is laboring for simplicity, and using his utmost efforts to pare down his conceptions to the level of infantine understanding. Fairies and other supernatural machinery are, in his hands, objects of patronage, and seem to require a little patting on the head, by way of encouragement to perform their functions; they resemble puppets rather than real existences, and consequently the illusion is not so well sustained as it might be by a different treatment. Still we are thankful for anything imaginative, anything that can enlist the sympathies, even though imperfectly: and would cheerfully place this neat little volume in the hands of a child as a source of amusement not likely soon to fail.

An Universal History of the most Remarkable Events of all Nations, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. New York: W. H. Graham.

WE have received numbers III. and IV. of this work, and are free to confess that it is one of the most comprehensive (in its title) that has lately come under our notice—"Universal History!" "Events of all Nations!" In our ignorance, we thought at first of the many days it would require to read so voluminous a work, but were comforted by an inspection of the cover, on which it is announced that the department of "Ancient History will be embraced in four numbers" (each number contains about 120 pages). For this reason we have anxiously awaited the issue of the 4th number, in order to see the "modus operandi" of this unparalleled

condensation, in view to our own future benefit; but alas for human expectations; the promised end of Ancient History leaves us on Mount Gilboa, lamenting the death of our hopes, and the untimely end of King Saul! This book may be sought for as a matter of curiosity (and particularly for its authentic portraits of eminent men!) but scarcely consulted as a work of history. The portrait of Moses forms an excellent pendant to that of Adam—the one is equally good with the other.

An Inaugural Address, delivered before the New York Academy of Medicine, February 2d, 1848. By John W. Francis, M. D. Published by the Academy.

In this pamphlet, the duties of the medical Academicians are stringently enforced. On a former occasion, as the Anniversary orator, Dr. Francis elaborately set forth the claims of his profession with great argumentative tact and rhetorical beauty. Being called upon a few months after, to address his fellow-members as their President elect, having been chosen to succeed the respected Dr. Stearns in that office, Dr. Francis, after acknowledging his gratitude for the confidence reposed in him by the Academy, and appealing to the members for support in the discharge of his duties, proceeds to urge the necessity of individual effort in the advancement of their common object. Judicious reasoning and felicitous anecdote are used with much ability to this end. The style of his discourse is excellent, and many eloquent passages occur, so nearly connected, however, as not readily to admit of quotation; we, therefore, cite the Doctor's remarks on Insanity in the United States—a subject which has recently excited great and deserved attention.

Statistics prove an undue ratio of insane cases in the United States, result doubtless, in part, attributable to the life of excitement which characterizes our people. The freedom of action insured by our institutions, and the absence of hereditary distinctions, open to the aspiring large prospects both of honor and wealth. Hence the most extravagant hopes are indulged, and the most fallacious schemes undertaken. This state of feeling and action is directly opposed to the tranquil and permanent occupations which induce that equanimity so favorable to health and longevity, and the American physician is thus emphatically called upon to recognise what may be called the moral philosophy of his science.

"Happily, the prevalence of mental disease to which I have alluded, is met by a corresponding philanthropy. The researches into the nature and causes of insanity have been prosecuted here with singular acumen and enlightened zeal. Europe bears emphatic testimony to the excellence of our asylums, the wisdom of our sanitary formulæ, and the conscientious supervision of such of our profession as have given special attention on this important branch of medical art. I need not refer you, in illustration of these facts, to the assiduous labors of Dr. Woodward, of Massachusetts, who rendered the Institution at Worcester so celebrated, nor to the practical services and writings of Dr. Brigham, based upon the latest cerebral discoveries, and drawn from physiological laws and mental philosophy.

"Still more superfluous would it be for me to allude in detail to the distinguished career of our brothers, Dr. McDonald, and Dr. Pliny Earle, or to that noble monument of New York charity at Bloomingdale, to the conduct and usefulness of which their best faculties have been so successfully appropriated. The history of that great and triumphant institution might indeed be dwelt upon with exemplary benefit to the other states of our vast Union. The devotion and patriotism of Thomas Eddy, and of DeWitt Clinton, to secure legislative provisions for its broad foundation and its perpetuity, are now among the many gratifying associations, which encircle the halo that rests upon the memory of those illustrious citizens, once so prominent among the great and good of New York.

"If the Bicêtre at Paris, directed by the sagacity of Pinel, is to be considered the institution whence the improved moral management of the insane had its origin; if the Retreat at York is the recognised asylum where in England the modern philanthropic system of treatment was first adopted, the New York Institution for the Insane can unquestionably claim the merit of being the next in the order of time; and from an ample personal inspection of the numerous establishments for the treatment of the deranged manifestations of mind, throughout Great Britain and on the continent, during the years 1815 and 1816, I am satisfied that such is the honorable fact. I cannot, however, dismiss this prolific theme, without expressing my admiration, in which I am confident of your sympathy, at the indefatigable spirit of humanity which has actuated our countryman, Dr. Howe, and others of Boston, to induce the establishment of an Institution for the treatment of Idiocy. My limits utterly forbid me even a glance at the remarkable facts which the observations of this gentleman, Sumner, and other coadjutors, have elicited; facts rich in hope for that long neglected and desolate class of human beings. * * *

Publishers' Circular.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

JAMES MUNROE & COMPANY, Boston, have in press, and will publish in a few weeks, the following—The *Gorgias* of Plato, with new notes by President Woolsey, of Yale College, second edition, 12mo. The *Select Orations of Demosthenes*, with notes by Prof. J. T. Champlin, of Waterville College, 12mo. Richter's *Levana*, or the *Doctrine of Education*, translated from the German of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, one vol. 12mo. Jouffroy's *Ethics, Introduction to Ethics*, including a critical survey of moral systems. Translated from the French of Jouffroy, by William H. Channing, 2 vols. 12mo. new edition.

Booksellers and Publishers will do well to keep an eye upon the department of our paper devoted to "announcements," to get the speediest intelligence of books which are about to come into the market; and when wishing to notify the public of their own contemplated literary undertakings, they should, in sending us the title, &c., of the work in hand, mark it "announcement," in order that the information thus given may not be mistaken in this office for an advertisement.

* * * The publication of this weekly list has materially assisted persons residing at a distance, in making their orders for books; and we are assured that, in many instances, publishers have been indebted to it for the sale of copies of their works.

Having been compelled, in many instances, to glean the titles from *Advertisements* in the daily papers, the list has not been as full and perfect in every particular as it is our desire to make it. Henceforth, if publishers, immediately upon the issue of any work, will forward to us a copy of the title-page and the price, marked "Literary World's weekly list," all deficiencies of this kind will be remedied.

April 22. OSGOOD & CO.

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 24TH JUNE TO JULY 1.

ALDEN (J.)—*THE DYING ROBIN AND OTHER TALES*, by Rev. Joseph Alden, D.D. (Harper & Bros.)
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AND MAPPING.

A large assortment of CHEAP Pens in boxes.

Holders of every description, &c.

Henry Owen, Agent.

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